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# UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLVII. CHICAGO, APRIL 25, 1901. NUMBER 8

[PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.]

## Tower Hill Summer School

FOR 1901

JULY 14 :: :: :: AUGUST 18.

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FIFTH WEEK: The Master Bards, Browning, Emerson and Whitman.

FURTHER ANNOUNCEMENTS TO FOLLOW.

For accomodations, rent of cottages, long houses, tents, board, etc., apply to MRS. EDITH LACKERSTEEN, 3939 Langley Ave., Chicago.

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

MISS WYNNE LACKERSTEEN will be glad to take charge of six children during the summer vacation from June 29 to August 31st in a Special Cottage at Tower Hill, Wisconsin, giving such instruction and personal attention as may be required. This is the encampment of the Summer School in charge of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, situated on the Wisconsin River, 35 miles west of Madison, on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad.

Miss Lackersteen graduates in June from the University of Chicago. She has had three years experience as Assistant in the University Elementary School. For terms and references address MISS WYNNE LACKERSTEEN, 214 E. 40th St., Chicago.

# UNITY

VOLUME XLVII. THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1901. NUMBER 8

The publication of the life of Henry George by his son will add pathos and power to the story of this great heart as well as great mind. He knew whereof he spoke when he wrote of progress and poverty. The story of extreme want in his early years and the heroic struggle of himself and his noble wife will be a new contribution to the economic literature which he has so signally enriched.

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A new art gallery has recently been opened in the Whitechapel district in London, the late Burne-Jones designed the simple, exceedingly economic but impressive exterior; the interior decorations were designed by Walter Crane. When a library that will contain the "one thousand best books" sought for by the Providence public library and a few more of such public contributions to the common life of the community will be made, the residents of this fateful and famous district will cease to be "submerged."

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*The Friends' Intelligencer* of Philadelphia comes to the defense of the Quaker-like sect of Doukhobors, the Canadian colony of Russian exiles in which Tolstoy has taken so much interest. It says that notwithstanding the painful transition from one part of the globe to the other they are "doing well and getting along hopefully. They are peaceable, industrious, kindly and patient. They are now able to earn their own living and have made fair progress in establishing comfortable homes."

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Dr. Briggs of recent heresy fame offers to the religious public a new term, one capable of being developed into great usefulness. He has recently been writing to *The Churchman* on "Christian Irenics," which he defines as "that theological discipline which aims to reconcile the discordant elements of Christianity." This is the opposite of polemics which battles for denominational and sectarian lines. If scholars will cease to emphasize differences and go in search of harmonies the era of peace will soon follow.

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We learn from a recent number of *The Scientific American* that the agents which the American Ornothological Association has sent to guard the bird life of the gulf coast have arrived none too early. They find no trace of birds on islands that once were the home of millions of sea fowls and on other islands they find but a few half demoralized birds where once happy and beautiful colonies thrived. This is suggestive reading to the woman who has just possessed herself of a "beautiful hat" with "such lovely feather decorations." Madam, you did it! Are you proud of your hat?

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*The American Economist* publishes an interesting supplement for April 19 consisting of forty extended pages. It contains the cartoons published by that journal covering the three years of 1898, 1899 and 1900. They are clever and effective appeals to the mind through the eye. Without pronouncing on the arguments for protection here reflected, we venture to comment upon the ethical narrowness of these pictures, the implication of selfishness, the assumed antagonism of interest between nations and the concentration of ambition upon our own country. The artists evidently never read Emerson's epigram:

*"That cannot be good for the bee which is bad for the hive."*

---

Arbor Day is approaching. Blessed is the man who plants a tree. Alas, for the man who has been busy denuding the world of its forest life and its arborial grace without trying to do something to replace the tree which it was necessary perhaps for him to convert into timber or fuel. Every child of the public schools in America, every public school teacher, every public spirited man and woman should put something into the ground during the months of April or May, a seed or a slip that will stay and be alive when they are dead. Not for the sake of your farm or garden. What matters it whether you have a farm or a garden? Cause a tree to grow somewhere. It is the least you can do towards paying the immeasurable debt which you yourself owe for the joy you have had from trees which you never planted.

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Le Gallienne rejoices over the warm welcome that has come to the poetry of Mr. Stephen Phillips. He says, "The public that paid so little heed to Ibsen, Maeterlinck and Hauptmann have given a warm welcome to the writings of Mr. Phillips. With the exception of Mr. Kipling, I remember no young poet of our time who has been received with such a concensus of acceptance and encouragement by the most authoritative critics." We have frequently commended the poetry of this promising young English poet. UNITY has given him a month's hearing in our "Good Poetry" column. The most ominous thing on the horizon of his fame is this unchallenged popularity. Early fame is seldom lasting fame. Let us hope that this is to be an exception to the rule, and that Mr. Phillips' future may prove worthy the auspicious beginning.

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So quietly have W. Hanson Pulsford and Tobias Shanfarber slipped into their clerical work in Chicago and into the circle of fellowship which UNITY delights in, that it has neglected to bid them the welcome it feels. One has taken up the work abandoned by Professor W. W. Fenn, now of Harvard College, as pastor of the Church of the Messiah and its attendant mission in the neighborhood of the university; the other as rabbi of the pioneer Jewish Society

on the South side, the K. A. M. Congregation. These are young men well equipped for their work, coming to a great opportunity with high purposes. A cordial welcome awaited them. There is much that we can do together and much that we cannot do unless we all work together. We welcome them into the UNITY fellowship and pledge them the co-operation which we ask of them. Here as elsewhere "United we stand, divided we fall."

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When President Hadley assumed the presidency of Yale he declared that the divinity school was the department most needing attention. The problem of the coming minister and his university relations is still a pressing one. Radical changes are already announced in the conduct of the Yale Divinity School—a large increase of elective studies, a closer relation between the seminary and the graduate department of the university. Professor Sanders, heretofore on the college faculty, becomes Professor of Biblical History and Archaeology and Dean of the Divinity School. Other important changes in the faculty are announced. Revs. Doctors Gordon of Boston and Washington Gladden of Columbus, Ohio, will represent the Lyman Beecher lectureship in the current year. Let other theological schools go and do likewise. Probably there are more musty closets filled with academic antiquities in the theological schools of America than in any other department of education.

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Kansas has not outgrown its poetic period. Romance still clings to its institutions. "The New England Emigrant Company" was a corporation that took part in the rescue of "bleeding Kansas." On the 5th of May, 1856, a posse of men armed with government muskets, directed by an alleged United States Marshal, destroyed the Free State Hotel at Lawrence. This company sought redress at the hands of Congress in vain, but it never relinquished the claim. In 1897, the still versatile and youthful Edward Everett Hale, one of the few surviving members of the company, succeeded in securing an extension of this company's charter, found stockholders enough living to make a legal transfer of the claim to the Kansas University, and now this university is to have a new gymnasium that will cost twenty thousand dollars, built by the tardy payment of the United States for property destroyed forty-four years ago. A poem on "Poetic Justice" or "The Slow Grinding Mills" is in order. Perhaps it will come from the pen of our friend, Professor W. H. Carruth, whose intelligent activity did much to bring about the happy consummation. UNITY solicits a contribution from that source.

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Glasgow is already famous among modern cities for its municipal management of street railways, its municipal fine art galleries and other buildings. Now it is no less conspicuous in having a mayor, Lord Provost Chisholm, who is a total abstainer, who has been instrumental in removing drink houses from all buildings owned by the municipality and from all premises controlled by the same. Thirty-four licenses have been wiped out. An aggregate rental of upwards of ten thousand dollars has been sacrificed. But new and better tenements have come in and old hovels have been supplanted by modern buildings. When private land owners will develop a similar conscience there will be some more "hot beds of disease and crime" obliterated. Municipal morality we say again is largely a matter of real estate and architecture. Who owns the land whereon opium joints, gambling dens, brothels and dives carry on their shameless trade? Whoever he may be he is the man upon whom rests the primal responsibility. He probably lives on the boulevard, belongs to "Prosperity Club" and may be he moves within the charmed circle of the "Four Hundred." All the same he is responsible for these shameful things. Let the public know who he is that he may have the full credit of his possessions.

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Mathematics does not seem to be a very effective agent of ethics. Appalling figures seldom appall and significant figures seldom signify much in directing the morals either of the individual or of the community. But the *Literary Digest* for April 20 contains a new batch of figures concerning the drink bill of the United States that ought to be given wide circulation. These fresh figures may provoke the thought that later along will ripen into action. *The American Grocer,* published in New York and *The Corn Belt,* published in Chicago, are trade journals dealing with industrial interests and cannot be suspected of being much given to reform, and still the former journal estimates that the drink bill of this country for the year ending June 30, 1900, aggregated $1,059,563,787, and that the average consumption per capita was 17.68 gallons. The latter journal estimates that not less than 661,554 persons, or one to every 116 persons of the population are engaged in the manufacture or sale of liquor. The above total expenditure is about the same as the public debt of the United States. It exceeds the total gold coin in circulation, far exceeds the total coal output, the corn crop and numberless other great indispensable items. The New Orleans *Picayune,* commenting on the *Grocer's* figures, sees some hopes for reform in the increasing hesitancy of the business world to tolerate the drinking man, and prophesies the coming of the day "when no man who allows himself to get under the influence of intoxicating liquors will be able to find employment in any business."

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A little leaflet lies before us. It is one of a series on "The Turning Points in a Boy's Life." This particular point is at the door of the Sunday school. The writer, William C. Sprague, editor of *The American Boy,* published in Detroit, Mich., reasons well that though the Sunday school as it is, is far from being what the growing boy needs, still it is a serious moment when he turns aside at the Sunday school room door and seeks instead the street. We do not propose to plagiarize Mr. Sprague's argument, but his phrase is a suggestive one. There are other turning points of great import that gather around the Sunday school door. When the father turns from the Sunday school door and delegates all the work and joys that are possible therein to the mother, that

he may "attend to business" or devote himself to the Sunday paper, a serious crisis has been met in the wrong way. When the mother turns over her children to an older daughter or some other mother or "young teacher" that she may have more leisure to attend to the duties of home, be freer to improve her mind in club work and have more strength for social functions, she has passed a turning point and has proven inadequate to it. Alas, for the little boy and girl whose mother is too preoccupied to accompany them to Sunday school, whose strength is inadequate to the onerous task of joining with the children in the song, the worship and the study of the Sunday school which may take two hours of time on Sunday morning and six hours of preparation during the week time. That the preoccupation exists, that the weariness obtains, goes without the saying. It is always a question of dominant interest, where lies the prior engagement? Some things must go undone in this world and it is incumbent upon the father and mother to decide from a high altitude and with a long perspective.

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## The Democracy of Education.

Again "Graduation Day" is at hand and the process of "graduating" becomes a serious one. Thousands of young girls are in a state of mental excitement, internal fever and social anxiety over questions of dresses and flowers, ribbons and badges, all of which is interpenetrated with desperate misgivings over the essay that is not yet written and which the mind does not seem to yield. There is a great amount of consultation with dictionaries, encyclopaedias and books of quotation, and the dear little essay is being made, not grown. But however hasty the projection and artificial the construction, however much dependent upon outside "suggestion" from teacher and friend, it will still represent the best part of the girl and will echo most sincerely some of her tenderest feelings and highest aspirations. And these, to the sympathetic observer from the vantage ground of maturer years, will seem to be in sad conflict and sometimes painful contrast with the external anxieties first alluded to.

Half as many boys are passing through the masculine phases of the above fever. They too have their social anxieties. Their determination to convert the occasion into joy is more pronounced and boisterous. Their planning is for banquets, drives, speeches and dances that will secure the maximum of jollity.

All this may be inevitable in connection with so called "private schools", though no school can shelter its influence for good or bad under the word "private"; but they are beyond the control as they are independent of the criticism of the public. And so we have in mind the public school demonstrations during the eventful month of June and the always significant and sometimes painfully exciting and extravagant demonstrations of the closing exercises of our public schools.

UNITY returns to its annual protest against the dangerous tendencies on the part of many of these public schools towards overlaying this interesting episode in the intellectual life of the child with the costly and on that account undemocratic demonstrations of a "social function." Any money assessments made upon a pupil of the public school is "costly" to some of them.

Four years ago the Sunday School teachers of All Souls Church, Chicago, presented a memorial to the Board of Education protesting against the habit of hiring outside auditoriums or churches and "enriching" the program with costly music and flowers, necessitating the attendant expenses of costly dresses, carriages and presents on the score that the public schools were for all the children, rich and poor, and the necessary assessments, though trifling to some, to others were burdensome, or when beyond their reach, humiliating. And this protest was joined in by the press and many of the prominent citizens. This assessment is none the less objectionable because the expenses were "cheerfully borne" by the more prosperous members of the class. Last year, for instance, one of the High schools of Chicago rejoiced in a president of the senior class who had a wealthy father, and the young president generously contributed one hundred dollars towards the class expenses, which included a costly hall.

This year, Superintendent Cooley, backed by the Board of Education, has taken a commendable stand and decreed that when possible the graduating exercises must be held within the walls of the school buildings, or when such is impracticable, that the necessary expense should be borne by the Board, and that all extravagance and display be discouraged. Various graduating classes in Chicago are in rebellion. Young America is talking about its rights. Young ladies protest against dress restrictions, and think it cruel to be denied their silks, satins, flowers, presents, carriages, dances, etc.

Poor things! They are trying to evade the first lesson of democracy which is also the indispensable evidence of culture, the first witness of education. Aristocracy thrives where ignorance abounds. Ignorance makes class distinctions and rejoices in them. Whoever rejoices in outward distinctions and the display that emphasizes differences of position, that is unmindful of the sweet fellowship that makes for comradeship on more fundamental lines than dress and show, and purchased pleasure; is uncultured whatever diplomas he may carry off. The best result of education is the joy of democracy.

Whatever may be the unavoidable or irrepressible elements in so called "private schools", they too serve the public. The public schools, sustained by the general tax must be guarded from all tendencies to make them either the schools for the poor or the schools for the rich.

UNITY rejoices in the rulings of Superintendent Cooley, and trusts that he may be able to carry them out, and commends his position to school superintendents and principals everywhere. Let graduation day be made beautiful with thought, impressive by emphasizing its own internal significance. It should be such a feast of ideas, an ethical festival, a spiritual elevation that the memory of it will ever remain as a

pentecostal touch in the mental, moral and spiritual life of the graduate.

## Higher Criticism and the Canon.

The recent book by Professor Haeckel, of Jena, reaffirming that the canonical character of the New Testament rests on no better authority than chance, supplemented by trickery, is not likely to be let die an easy death. The same charge has been made before, but generally by a class of iconoclasts who have been supposed to be neither higher critics nor lower critics, and unable to see beyond their prejudices. Dr. Haeckel, in his *Weltrietsel,* undertakes to demonstrate that the canon was made up by the bishops, at the Council of Nice, by placing together a huge batch of all sorts of documents that had accumulated in the hands of the bishops in different parts of the Christian world, some genuine and some fraudulent, and then asking God to determine for them those which he wished them to consider authoritative Will and Word. The prayer was answered, it is said, by tumbling aside the erroneous, or miraculously compelling them to remove themselves. One historian tells us that the authoritative remained upon the table, while the unauthentic jumped beneath the table.

The question of canonicity is one that crowds sharply upon higher criticism and supplements it. We can not rest with pulling in pieces and analyzing documents; the question is equally important which one of these books is canonical after its genuineness is determined. The writer vividly remembers asking Ralph Waldo Emerson what was his opinion concerning some question of Biblical criticism. He replied with his usual deliberation, "I have long ceased to take any interest in such a question." His conversation then genially led along a line to show how easily one might waste his whole life on problems of relatively insignificant importance. One may easily be deaf to the living voice of nature (God) while trying to catch some voice out of the remote past. This was a vital truth, and many a time since the words have warned me away from relatively unimportant work. I have "long since ceased to take any interest" in some matters which at that time seemed of supreme importance.

But the age is not yet able to release itself from the immense burden of authorities. Inspiration, as a living vital union of the soul with the oversoul, is but stammeringly confessed. Professor Sabatier, in the *Contemporary Review,* bids us "rejoice because history, rightly interrogated, puts everything in its proper place. It teaches us to see in these scriptural books the documents of an ancient phase of the divine education of a people, which can not remain as they were, and which have no more direct authority over the disciples of Christ than the customs of the stone age have over the legislators of today. We are no longer the slaves of the letter, but the children of the spirit. A more enlightened theology renders us signal service by obliging us to remember this." Doctor Thudicum, of Tubingen, in a series of pamphlets, purposes to show farther that the epistle to the Hebrews is a product of the third or fourth century, prepared by the priests, to bolster the claims of bishops to authority. He rejects also large parts of the Gospels, as material created at the same date, by the same party, in their determination to transform the simple church of the apostles into a hierarchy. He denies also the authenticity of the Epistle of Peter, of the Apocalypse, and a large part of the Book of Acts. That his criticism is sound is not our issue. That we have entered the vestibule of a very general conviction that religion will not stand or fall with inspired books is what we must perceive.

With the relative decline of canonical power necessarily comes in a demand for a larger recognition of the soul's nearness to God, as an eternal inspiration. "That," says a recent author, "is authority which the Pauls and the Peters of this generation see of truth and feel of righteousness. As there is less and less need of a book that shall serve as standard, so is there more and more need of the living gospel of true and faithful lives. No doubt there may have been a degree of letting down of obligations when the Bible lost its supremacy as sole and absolute voice of God; but the compensation comes in a more ethical age and a larger appeal to conscience." In no era has religion made such progress as during the present age of higher criticism.

E. P. P.

# GOOD POETRY.

**This column will for awhile present in the issues of each month the work of one poet, giving the work of the younger men where it is worthy.—Eds.**

ERNEST M'GAFFEY.

Born at London, O., 1861. Practices his profession as a lawyer in Chicago. Has published "Poems of Gun and Rod," 1892; "Poems," 1895;" "Poems of the Town," 1901.

## Mark.

The heavy mists have crept away,
  Heavily swims the sun,
And dim in mystic cloudlands gray
  The stars fade one by one;
Out of the dusk enveloping
  Come marsh and sky and tree,
Where erst has rested night's dark ring
  Over the Kankakee.

"Mark right!" Afar and faint outlined
  A flock of mallards fly.
We crouch within the reedy blind
  Instantly at the cry.
"Mark left!" We peer through wild rice-blades,
  And distant shadows see,
A wedge-shaped phalanx from the shades
  Of far-off Kankakee.

"Mark overhead!" A canvas-back!
  "Mark! mark!" a bunch of teal!
And swiftly on each flying track
  Follows the shotgun's peal;
Thus rings that call, till twilight's tide
  Rolls in like some gray sea,
And whippoorwills complain beside
  The lonely Kankakee.

## An Old Daguerreotype.

Two clear, grave eyes, that wondering look
  From some forgotten long ago;
  A childish face that cannot know
The secrets hidden in the book
    Of future years,
  The care and toil, the busy strife,
  The joys that jewel every life,
    The tears.

From that lost time—from childhood-land—
  The wistful, speaking, hazel eyes
  Look out as on unclouded skies;

Where glowing hopes rise hand in hand,
And sunshine streams
Along the path of breaking day,
While all the shadows fade away,
Like dreams.

Thus kept by art's all-saving grace
Peeps from a distant hazy nook
Of time gone by this sunny look
Upon a young, untroubled face,
That holds within
The boyish eyes, those limpid springs—
No taint of earth or earthly things,
No sin.

## The Humming Maelstrom.

In the circles of smoke I am hidden, that curl o'er your infinite walls,
And the sound of my surges comes roaring in the clamor that rings through your halls
Where the Mammonite throng in its frenzy tumultuous beckons and calls.

In the dust that whirls up from your crossings, with the winds I am passing unseen,
Mid the canyon-like cliffs of tall buildings where the streets run like rivers between,
And the storm-wake fast-following after shall envelop the great and the mean.

In the stress and the turmoil of living, at the core of the town I am found,
As a mighty inrushing of rapids swerve my eddies around and around,
And the souls that are noblest and truest are the quickest bewildered and drowned.
I have neither of pity nor sorrow, the city's huge whirlpool am I,
And the wrecks of wild hopes and great fortunes in the sands that encumber me lie,
For whatever I grasp at is conquered, and whoever shall find me must die.

Through season and storm shall my channel be openward flung as a gate,
And nor ever a victim relinquished, or early he cometh or late,
And the teeth of the rocks that do guard me are as silent and steadfast as Fate.

My power is that of the Siren's, afar on a desolate reef,
And the heart of the dweller in cities shall know me always to his grief
As I lure him to death on my currents, drawn under and down like a leaf.

Drawn under and down in the vortex; be he poet or soldier or clown;
As the swiftest at last are o'ertaken, as the strongest of swimmers will drown,
Encompassed with seethe of wild waters in the maelstrom-like grip of the town.

## Popular Notions as Hindrances to Electrical Progress.*

The extent to which the force of public opinion has helped electrical workers in making their rapid progress during the past quarter of a century can hardly be over estimated. The bold and often rash moves of the American inventor which enabled him so quickly to outdistance his European contemporaries could not have been made had he not been inspired by the enthusiasm of the American public and the American press, to both of whom everything seemed possible at the hands of the electrical worker. Nor could he have commanded the money for his extensive and often only half-studied out experiments if he had not felt this same thrill which ran through the whole nation whenever a new step in advance was foreshadowed in our daily or weekly papers. Our parsons are apt to laud inventors for the faith which they have shown in their own ability, which faith enabled them to overcome obstacles and accomplish the seemingly impossible. In this I think they fall short of the truth. The faith of the scientist in his studies and conclusions has always been with us, but here a whole generation voiced its faith in its scientists, its experimenters, its originators. Did they say to the inventor: Prove your faith in being able to accomplish something and we will believe in you? No, they said to him: We have faith in you; we will back you; we expect it of you; now hurry up and do it! No wonder, then, that electrical work has made such remarkable strides in this country during the past 20 or 25 years.

But this powerful influence of public opinion has not been wholly a help to electrical progress. Our daily encounter with curious popular notions as to electrical work shows how unreasonable it would be for us to rely on the general public for a ready and unqualified support to whatever may seem to us the next logical step. Twenty years ago when electricity was just working its way into every day applications, any hindering notions on the part of the non-electrical public were excusable; indeed, electrical people had no time to attend to such notions, as it took all of their own time and energy to work out the problems awaiting immediate solution at their hands. That mad early rush is now over and on the threshold of what may be an electrical century it behooves us to see if there are still some popular notions which are handicapping electrical progress, and if there are such to try and remove them. Indeed, I doubt if there is any more hopeful or more generally needed work which electrical people can undertake together at this moment than that of arousing the general public to a correct enough understanding of our needs so that it may show a more healthy attitude toward electrical progress.

If you tell the average man to whom you are introduced that you are interested in electrical work, he will tell you: "Ah, then the world expects a great deal of you." I like the appreciation shown by that remark, but is it right for non-electrical people to look to the electrical fraternity for practically the whole of that progress? Can electrical work ever reach a high state of perfection in its applications to architecture without the hearty cooperation of the architects, in railway engineering without the ready support of trained railway engineers, or in power distribution without the cordial helpfulness of those experienced in the application of power to machinery of various kinds? Of course such helpfulness implies an active cooperation on the part of the non-electrical public and perhaps it is asking too much to expect this when even the passive notions held by those all around us are hindering instead of helping electrical progress.

Let us look at some of these popular notions: First, there is the old notion that "anything is good enough for electrical work." The hurried development of electric lighting twenty years ago made this notion partly excusable at the time, but it certainly should have been outgrown ten or fifteen years ago. Our underwriters have long been trying to correct the results of this notion, yet even today new work is steadily going in which shows how this idea holds on. If we could overcome this popular notion the fire losses due to defective wiring would dwindle to very small proportions. At present we can hardly turn around without finding buildings where the electrical work is not only an eyesore, and a serious incentive to fire, but also likely to break down at any time and give unsatisfactory service. Of course the electricians get the blame for it, and if the architects or engineers have it pointed out to them that the electrical part of their work is the only part not carefully planned (and therefore twenty years behind the rest), they take refuge behind the popular notion that "anything is good enough for electrical work."

Then there is the notion that electrical devices are merely substitutes for what they replace and there-

*A paper read before the Chicago Electrical Association January 18, by Albert Scheible.

fore subject to the same limitations as the replaced items. For instance, our gas jets had to be low enough to be easily reached from the ground for lighting them. Electrical fixtures can be just as readily controlled from any point on the wall, yet most of them are placed just as low as the gas fixtures regardless of the height which would give the best artistic effect or the most desirable illumination. Oil lamps when used in show windows had to be at quite a distance from the ceiling in order not to blacken the latter; but is that any reason why incandescent lamps should have to be similarly placed so as to detract from one's ability to see the goods in the window? The best practice would mean a new study of the results aimed at in using the lighting unit, regardless of any limitations which may have hampered what was previously used, but the public looks at the incandescent lamp merely as a substitute for gas, and handicaps its usefulness accordingly. So, too, the public looks on the telephone as a substitute for the old-time speaking tube or acoustic phone into which you had to shout. The telephone really brings the listener's ear close to you, so that a low tone of voice is ample, yet the inexperienced user still shouts into the transmitter as if he had a non-electric device before him.

Another hindrance to electrical progress, and one whose effect is apt to be underestimated, lies in the notion that "electricity is in its infancy." Most people are not in the habit of calling their twenty-five year old sons "infants," yet they keep right on saying that electricity is still an infant, and this naturally leads to the impression that electricity is something crude, undeveloped and inexact. I have often thought that a school teacher who would pass a child from the sixth or seventh grade with this notion in his head should be dropped from the pay rolls and that an immigrant who stills believes electricity to be in its infancy should be classed with other illiterates and refused admission to this country. No one speaks of the steam engine as undeveloped or as in the infantile state, yet very few engines will show over fifteen per cent efficiency in practice, while our motors and dynamos readily test up to eighty, ninety and even ninety-five per cent efficiency. This same notion also leads to the idea that it is too early to expect good service from electrical installations, and we all know the fallacy of that idea. There may be electric light, or railway, or more likely telephone companies who will let this pass as an excuse for the imperfect service given by them; but if there are such the public is not getting full value for what it pays such concerns, and the public ought to know by this time that electrical work has reached a high state of development where first-class service may be reasonably expected from it.

Allied to the above is the notion that electricity is a mystic something about which nobody knows much, and the effects of which cannot be definitely foretold. We might as well speak of gravitation as mystic, yet who will say that the laws of mechanics which depend so largely on gravitation are not clearly known? This notion that nobody knows what electricity is (and that therefore no one knows much about it) has led to a widespread belief that it takes very little time to learn what there is known about electricity and that even now there is plenty of room for speculation as to causes and effects in electrical work. That is why so many men after a wee bit of electrical reading or study can give out the impression that they are experts in the electrical line.

Less common than the above is the notion that electricity is a source of energy, or that it is a multiplier of energy. Many of us thought that scientists had long ago settled the point that energy can be transformed but not created. Yet people who are otherwise well educated will express their belief that somehow electricity can be made out of nothing, or that a small amount of mechanical energy will be ample to produce a much larger quantity of electrical energy. Only a year ago a prominent manufacturer in this city spoke to me about equipping his factory with electric power. Before I had talked with him long I found that he was planning to throw away his steam engine and boiler, yet had not thought of getting a supply of current from outside! Like thousands of others he had the idea that somehow or other the electrical machinery would operate itself without the further use of engines or boilers, or in other words that the needed energy could be made out of practically nothing when electrical devices were used.

Such a notion often handicaps the introduction of electrical power transmission, yet it probably does much less harm than the same notion that "everything is possible electricity," when applied in medical practice. The friction machine, the electric belt, the induction coil and the Roentgen tube have each in turn been held up as a cure-all for every ill under the sun, and the people kept from proper medical treatment by the electromedical freaks are countless. Some of these practitioners even evolve their own theories of electrical phenomena with an utter disregard of all that scientists have known and proven. Of course they could not thrive but for this popular notion that electricity can accomplish everything. Happily the medical profession as a whole is opposed to these rash practitioners, though hindered by the force of public opinion.

Then there is a fallacy for which the press may be largely to blame. It is the notion that electrical work is likely to be revolutionized at any moment by some new inventions. This notion has perhaps done more than any other to keep investors from putting money into perfectly legitimate electrical enterprises. It makes fine reading matter for a sensational paper when the reporter has dined some noted electric experimenter and then writes up the prophesies made between the clinks of the glasses; but the result too often handicaps the sober and plodding electrical worker who knows that such a remarkable discovery is no more imminent now than it was ten years ago.

Such are a few of the prevailing notions which have been and are still hindering electrical progress. Others could be mentioned but I think these will suffice to show in how many ways the public takes a wrong attitude toward electrical work, and how we need to strive to root out these erroneous notions. Further progress in electricity as a power conveyer, a time saver, a distance annihilator and an otherwise helpful servant depends largely on the support given by the non-electrical public. This is what it demands: That our architects give us sightly and rational lighting for show windows, stores and residences; also artistic substitutes for the outdoor fixtures which now disfigure the fronts of so many handsome buildings.

That our artists and municipal improvement associations insist on handsome designs in fixtures and on sightly wiring for both streets and building lamps.

That our civil engineers give us the well paved and well drained streets which alone are needed to make conduit railway systems a practical success.

That our physicians and surgeons drive out the practitioners who make rash use of electrical devices (often as adjuncts to equally rash surgical operations) and who use the word electric as a cloak for their unscientific attempts.

That our educators teach even their grammar pupils that electricity in its various applications offers a field of work open to best advantage only to those who have devoted year after year to the needed study and preparation.

And what does electrical progress ask the general

public to do? To know that electricity is so highly developed that first-class service can be expected in every electrical line.

To realize that the electrical field is so large as to require specializing and so deep as to demand at least as thorough a preparation as that needed for the medical profession or for other engineering lines.

To know that electrical devices cannot give out more energy than is supplied to them.

To learn that electricity instead of being uncertain and unmeasurable is one of the most exact of sciences.

To realize that the present high cost of electricity for certain uses is due not to the developed state of the electrical devices but to the low efficiency of the steam boilers and engines which drive the electrical machinery.

To know that there is no prospect of any developments which will so revolutionize electrical work within the next ten years as to jeopardize investments in up-to-date electric machinery.

To feel that electrical progress will come just in proportion to the eagerness with which users of electrical devices want really effective service and to their willingness to waive old prejudices so as to give the electricians an unhampered opportunity for applying this modern servant to the best advantage.

Such are the demands which electrical progress makes on the general public and do we not owe it to our non-electrical neighbors to make them aware of these demands so as to break down the popular notions which at present are hindering the real progress wanted by us all?

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## God's First Temples—A Plea for the Forest Parks in Country Places.

Reprinted from the *Philistine* with the consent of the author, ELBERT HUBBARD.

There is an honest farmer in East Aurora who has $10,000 in the bank. Not all farmers in East Aurora have $10,000 in the bank. In fact this is the only farmer in New York state of whom I know who has $10,000 in the bank. This man placed the money there thirty years ago, the funds being secured, mostly, from the sale of pine lumber that he sold off his broad acres, and this was right.

This farmer and his father before him owned many acres of pine forest and they cut the timber off all of it, save ten acres that covered the shores of a beautiful lake. I believe that pine grove was the only bit of primeval pine forest left in this part of the country. It was as charming a piece of the handiwork of God as one ever saw. To walk out there on a summer's day, recline on the soft pine needles, watch the gently swaying branches overhead, breathe the aromatic flavor of the pines and listen to the lullaby of the breeze was a blessing and a benediction.

You felt glad you were alive and your heart was lifted in a prayer of thankfulness.

One day a man came along and said to the honest farmer who owned the grove: "Them ere pine trees is about right to cut, and I'll give you $200 cash for 'em as they stand—it's now or never, take it or leave it."

Now the farmer had $10,000 in the bank, he was owing no money, he owned 600 acres of land that brought him all the income he needed, but the offer of $200 cash was more than he could stand. He sold the beautiful pine trees, the last of their race, and the rogue who had bought them moved in his portable saw mill and cut them down.

Why the people of the town did not get up and go out there in a mob and throw the rogue and his saw mill in the lake, and toss the honest farmer in after, I do not know. We surely should have done so. But the trees were all cut down before we realized what was going on.

The logs were sawed up and the lumber placed in piles ready to ship. It was in the autumn and everything was very dry. And God caused the winds to blow and tumble weeds rolled in big piles up against the lumber, and in some mysterious way fire came and in a single night all that lumber was reduced to ashes—that is to say, burned.

Now the rogue who owned the portable saw mill had not paid the honest farmer, claiming he could not until he got his money for the lumber. And the lumber being burned, the saw mill man vamoosed and the farmer got no money.

Today there quivers and quavers about the streets of this village that honest old farmer, yammering because he lost his $200.

But the beautiful pine grove is gone—gone forever.

There is a tract of land belonging to the government in the northern part of Minnesota. This tract is one-sixth the size of Yellowstone Park, and here the head-waters of the Mississippi rise, the land being one-fourth covered by water. Running streams and scores of lakes intersect it in a thousand ways. It is the last large tract east of the Missouri that exists practically as it was when the white man first set foot on American soil.

Have you ever wondered how the woods looked when only wild animals and wild men trod these misty ways, and all the forest aisles were sacred to the birds and beasts that had not yet got acquainted with man and so did not know enough to flee at his approach?

Well, there in Minnesota you can see such scenes as La Salle and Marquette saw. But now men are endeavoring to encroach on these beautiful woods with axes and saw mills, and their intent is to reduce this virgin forest to a mere mass of blackened stumps. To avert such a calamity and give these beautiful woods to the people as a heritage forever an association of earnest men and women has been formed, called the Minnesota National Forestry and Park Association. The intent of this association is to induce congress to make this tract a national park and throw around it such safeguards that it shall be kept the charming and romantic spot it now is. These men and women would protect the trees and birds, the fishes and wild animals, and allow no hunting except under certain well-defined restrictions. As a breeding place and home for deer, moose and bear it far surpasses the Adirondacks or Northern Maine, and as a fisherman's paradise there is nothing to approach it on the planet earth. The question is, shall congress secure this last tract of virgin forest and give it to the people of earth—those who are here now and those who shall come after? Or shall these groves be rendered unsightly, worthless, the game destroyed and the home of the birds and animal rendered uninhabitable?

The senate and house of representatives at Washington have it in their power to say which course shall be pursued.

The movement to preserve this forest is being energetically advocated by those strong and excellent women Prof. Maria L. Sanford, of Minnesota University; Mrs. Lydia P. Williams and Miss Margaret Evans; Mr. Charles Christadoro, of St. Paul, and that fine old veteran, General C. C. Andrews, all backed up by the State Federation of Women's Clubs of Minnesota.

"Woman is a natural conservator," says Charlotte Perkins Stetson, and the remark finds ample verification in the attitude of the women of Minnesota who are using their efforts to carry this measure to a successful issue, with Charlotte Perkins Stetson herself arrayed on the side of those who wish to conserve and protect. But, strange as it may seem, this national park project is meeting with savage opposition. This opposition comes from those who are looking on the lumber with covetous eyes—it is historic sentiment against a nickel,

John Ruskin against Jay Gould, life against death. The men who oppose this park merely want to saw up the trees, sell them for a price and pocket the money; they think but of themselves and have no care for the generations that shall follow. Their shibboleth is, "What are you going to do about it?"

"The earth is for the people," said William Morris. "It is ours while we live here, but let us leave it as we would a rented house—neat and orderly and beautiful as we found it. Are we vandals that we should ruthlessly destroy and disfigure God's property?"

I have visited that beautiful tract of land in Minnesota; I know its beauty and can guess its value as a place of rest and healing for the tired, overworked sons and daughters of earth. I know of no man working to carry this plan through who will gain a dollar by it. The men who oppose it are out for the money. I hope that the good women and the unselfish men will win and that congress will see that the earth and its blessings and beauties are for all the people, not for the few; for those who live now and the many who shall follow us.

We owe it to the unborn that we shall leave this earth in as good order, if not better, than we found it. Tomorrow we go—let us remember our brothers and sisters who shall live here when we are gone. And if our simple actions now shall make life's burdens lighter for them—lessen their cares and add to their joys—we shall not have lived in vain.

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## Higher Living.—VIII.

The baby new to earth and sky
  What time his tender palm is pressed
  Against the circle of the breast,
Has never thought that "This is I."

But as he grows he gathers much,
  And learns the use of "I" and "me,"
  And finds "I am not what I see,
And other than the things I touch."

So rounds he to a separate mind
  From whence clear memory may begin,
  As thro' the frame that binds him in
His isolation grows defined. —*Tennyson.*

As now, we keep helpfully close to the mother's side, what shall be our instruction, as she puts her realizations of responsibility and privilege into concrete questions for someone's wise answering? Shall she be told that necessarily because she has been through so much suffering and danger, she has been thus fully enough qualified to care for her child? Or, that if only her heart is right, she need not worry much about other things? Or, that if she provides "trained" overseers and teachers, her child will surely prosper? Or, that, if she listens to some other woman who has repeatedly borne children, and so presumably, must necessarily possess all the secrets and knowledge of mother and child worth learning, she will not fail? This we will all do, if from either indifference, or ignorance, or indolence we thoughtlessly or ignorantly essay the common speech, where choicest knowledge and reflection only, are so needed. The fact is, that no one or all of these seemingly good sources of information are seen to be sufficient when the actual, instead of assumed, needs of the plastic, rapidly growing infant, are once comprehended. These needs are all definite and imperative and are no more to be apprehended by dreaming or sentiment, or through the sense of duty, or experience which is ignorant or unreflective, than are the courses of the stars or the significance of fossils. Only, as these common sources of information, prompt to an industrious inquiry, as to what a truly intelligent understanding of the entire subject may be, are they of any reliable use whatever; although we may say just as emphatically, that when prompting to or supplementing an accurate understanding of the child-nature, its own peculiar needs, and the methods by which its characteristic endowments may be properly developed, or the reverse, love and duty and experience are all of the utmost value—are in fact the crowning glory of parental instinct.

Everywhere do we see in the infant that, as Baldwin says, "Life history is progressive development." And, when closely studied, it appears that progressive development here, as elsewhere, is simply a series of adaptations of the growing organism to the world in which it lives, coupled with the effect of these, in turn, upon the organism which experiences them. Moreover, it may be accepted as the pre-supposed line of all growth, in that, as the organism becomes in every way capable of reacting to its environment, so will the extent and quality of its growth be determined. Adaptations, according to the same authority are either "biological," as seen in plants, and in animals deprived of their brains; or "consciously reactive," as seen in infants, idiots, animals with their brains intact, etc.; or "consciously selective," as is made possible by the more fully developed human brain, and denoted by voluntary attention with conduct to correspond. In any case, the babe must pass through these several degrees of adaptation—must be biologically, in turn, like the plant, then like the brainless animal, then must advance to progressively reactive adaptation, as represented by all the forces of animal life, and finally, must slowly attain to the sphere of "selecting industry of mind," in which he may consciously direct himself, in accordance with a pre-conceived end.

Scientifically investigated, it has been found that the newly born babe is in the true sense quite absolutely mindless, and this simply because of the fact, that its brain, and the sense organs which, later, are able to supply the brain with informing and stimulating impressions, are, as yet, not sufficiently developed for true mental activity. At this time, the muscle and nerve organs have become the most nearly prepared, and those of smell and taste are now fairly ripened for their important work; but the ears must await some startling shock before they are opened, and the eyes, as yet but about two-thirds grown, must wait for several weeks, before either form or color can be definitely appreciated. Centrally, in the brain, it is found that the necessary completion of the brain cells has not yet been widely enough effected; and that likewise many of the fibers needed for connecting these cells with each other, have not yet been enough perfected, for systematic work. In fact, the newly born babe is but a bundle of possibilities and latencies, and practically, its only hope lies in the long period of infancy which is before it, and in all the luxury of environment which the human parent is capable of furnishing it.

Following birth, any time after a day or two there may be seen what are called reflex smiles; but not until the fifth or seventh week can anything like real smiles, with a smiling significance, be confidently noted. Real tears also, may be noted by the third week and surprise at any time after the first week; while during the earlier part of the second month, poutings and pursings of the lips, to be followed later by reachings out for attractive things, are begun. During the third month somethings like voluntary movements of the arm, hand and leg serially in order, are manifest, while wonder, anger, jealousy and fear begin more or less definitely to show themselves. A month later, suggestion has become all important, especially as coming from those who are most closely in constant charge; because of the fact that, as Professor Mary Calkins has ascertained, frequency is the most constant condition of suggestibility. At this time attention, which, according to Bald-

win is, "originally considered a habitual motor reaction upon mental contrasts," especially to things moving and, also, certain manifestations of desire or refrain, such as fondness for certain people and antipathy for certain others, have become established; while all such preferences, as well as certain other warm interests, are apt to be made known by truly expressive noises and movements. About this time conscious memory is manifest, and the foundations of the especial type of character, whether motor, or visual, or auditory, or tactual are being laid. Soon, conscious imitation of movements and sounds rapidly increases, and denotes the rise of volition; while various and persistent dramatizing efforts from this point on, help to bring out the differentiation of the baby's own self, from the other selves with whom contact is had. Thus, by the eighth month, the babe has developed certain probabilities of being able to distinguish form, and color, and position, and of signifying its choices as to things and people; moreover, of more or less consciously incorporating the meaning of these into its own personality. Not long after this, there appears increasing power of attention, always very feeble during the earlier months, and often remaining thus for a long time, and, with many people even throughout life. Creeping also, and attempts at walking; spontaneous, expressive smiles; inhibition of natural functions and impulses; more or less deliberation and its concomitant reason; all serving to mark the rise of the personality which, if it continues in proper development, will some time subordinate everything to its own, and let us hope, its better purposes. Always, along with these, there is more or less developed a sense of beauty; increasing interest in rhythm and music; and, since about the fourth month, there has been an increasing preference of one hand over the other, in attempts to reach out and grasp things; while, simultaneously, speech and words, the one function which makes mankind really what it is, slowly emerges out of a motley of throat noises, into definite form, to, in time, become replete with purposive significance.

All this it is which makes it so important that, instead of reading into the baby mind and its manifestations in conduct, so many of our own adult conceptions of understanding and right, as no less a philosopher than Emanuel Kant did, who said a newly born babe had "a mind of its own and should be whipped if it did not behave itself," we should seek to know the natural stages of actual growth, and their mental and moral possibilities; and then, to adjust our ideas and practices of discipline and education, to these, and to these very chiefly. No one knows the extent to which the race has been kept back physically, mentally and morally, simply by attempts to train the child in the way a man should go, instead of in the way appropriate to himself. All dicta from whatever source that do not include this fundamental knowledge of child nature and nurture should be rejected as more or less potentially detrimental, and otherwise unreliable. This world is everywhere, even in the human personality, developed according to intelligent and intelligible principles; and never necessarily according to fancies derived simply from dreams, either sleeping or waking. A study of child nature reveals that it is not only the highest business of man to most carefully ascertain what these intelligent principles are, and the methods by which they have been creatively at work; but, also, to enter into the grand creative conspiracy to make human nature all that the application of such accurately ascertained principles and methods, promises, "God helps man through man," when we help mankind fundamentally, then are we God-like indeed! SMITH BAKER.

# THE STUDY TABLE.

## A Book of Common Worship.*

This is a neat volume of 418 pages in black cloth with red edges. It has a two-fold interest and value; first from the motive originating it, and secondly from the selections from various sources here brought together. Its preparation was assigned to a "committee on the possibilities of common worship" composed of three prominent and representative ministers of New York city—Dr. R. Heber Newton, Rabbi Gustav Gottheil, and Rev. Thomas R. Slicer. There are three main divisions of the book: "Scripture Readings," "Prayers," and "Hymns." The "Readings" are taken from the Old and the New Testament, from the sacred books of the great ethnic religions, and from Plato, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius. Besides the extracts from the Old Testament there are many passages from The Mishna. The selections voice the basic elements of religion, the ethical and spiritual thought and sentiment of the race through the ages and in diverse climes. They bear upon individual conduct, character, aim and aspiration, and upon the collective life and social ideals. They are an object lesson in that "sympathy of religions" which in these later years has been doing so much to enlarge and certify religion itself.

So also of the collects and prayers. These cover a wide range in time, from various ancient and later liturgies and from devout individual minds in long succession, reaching to our own day.

The hymns, eighty-five in number, aim at like universality with the "readings" and prayers, as befits the scope of the book. They vary in excellence, but include choice selections from those long familiar and from those of more recent authorship. The indexing of these hymns at the close of the volume is marked by several errors which should be corrected in a future edition of the book.

As a "Book of Common Worship" for use at the meetings of the New York State Conference of Religion and the meetings of other organizations of like aim and scope (which happily are on the increase in the widening of religious sympathy and fellowship today), our chief criticism would be the proportion of space given to the "Scripture readings," and to the collects and prayers. According to the preface the Committee was led away from its first intent to this much enlarged inclusion and extension. The necessarily increased price of the volume hinders its individual purchase at such conferences, and therefore the fuller participation in the service. The hymn, the responsive service, and the short and simple prayer are naturally the parts most usable in a book of "common worship" on such occasions. Yet of the one hundred and twenty-three "Scripture readings" only five are designed and arranged for responsive reading; and the one hundred and sixty-three collects and prayers could be greatly reduced in number and still cover both the needs of the meeting and a sufficiently catholic representation as to source. On its educative and missionary side we think the smaller and lower priced book would have far wider reach among the people at large; and this certainly is an object to be considered. At the same time the larger volume is, of course, a richer compilation for such as may desire it for private use, and as a collection from scattered sources not easily within reach of most people. As such a collection it is of much interest and merit. The publishers' part therein leaves nothing to be desired. Type, paper and binding are excellent. F. L. H.

*Prepared under the direction of the New York State Conference of Religion: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1900.

## Some Hand-Made Books.

The number of small independent book-shops and publishing houses is quite rapidly increasing. Mosher, up in Maine, and Hubbard, down in New York, were the pioneers in the movement, and now with the improvement in taste on the part of the public, other artists in widely remote localities are devoting their energies to the making of the best books. It must be understood that the modern Arts and Crafts movement is not a fanatical protest against machinery, or a revival of the domestic system of the Middle Ages, but represents the first stages of a new industrialism, answering to the demand of workers for more individual expression and of consumers for the satisfaction of their individual and higher wants. The modern impulse for making better books began with Morris, though the experiment of Ruskin in making and selling his own books should not be forgotten. In the little Kentish village of Orpington Ruskin established his book-making industry and, without advertisement, scramble for markets, or any tricks of the trade, conducted his sales. East Aurora, Ridgewood, Wausau, Boone—these are some of the village Orpingtons where good books are made and sold.

Mosher's books are uniformly excellent, exhibiting the finest selective art in both their matter and manner. Hubbard's books are sometimes good and sometimes bad, their quality depending upon the intelligence and good-will he can cause to be applied to them by his village folk. One volume before me is marred by printer's errors—which is unpardonable in books of this kind. Probably the best results will be secured in the small shop where a few skillful men may work in true cooperation. Mr. Rea's "Byron" from the Alwil shop is the most satisfactory work I have seen: simple, harmonious, and dignified, it appeals to the eye and mind at once. The Philosopher Press at Wausau, Wisconsin, has a considerable list of publications, including "The Sermon on the Mount," Tennyson's "Elaine," Rossetti's "Jenny," and Keat's "Ode to a Nightingale," all executed in a quiet, effective manner, distinguished particularly by careful printing. The Chicago Blue Sky Press is adding book-making to its other printing and its recently issued "Spoil of the North Wind," being certain verses in praise of Omar, shows refined taste—though here one doubts the advisability of putting more or less ephemeral verses into such a permanent form. The Nevernod Press, at Boone, Iowa, announces several forthcoming publications, among them of course the ubiquitous Omar. Mr. Seymour's work, sent forth from the Fine Arts Building, stands quite apart from the others. By means of engraved plates, without type of any kind, he is making some most attractive though rather ornate volumes. "Ode on Melancholy," "Sonnets from the Portuguese,," "The Eve of St. Agnes" have already appeared and others are announced. The successful inauguration of a business where the business agent is also printer, designer and publisher, is in itself a noteworthy achievement—a sign of the times that should not be overlooked by the sociologist. Indeed I think I am more interested in these shops as an industrial promise than for their actual products.

Besides their books each one of these shops issues a little periodical, the "Philosopher" or "Optimist," or series of Brochures, or single sheets like Rea's "Valentine."

OSCAR L. TRIGGS.

## The Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges.*

The Cambridge Bible has been steadily increasing in excellence during the last five years. Its earlier numbers were, from the standpoint of critical scholarship, exceedingly disappointing. Its later parts are a refreshing reversal of that condition of things. The latest number, on Daniel, by Prof. Driver, author of the Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament, is, as all would expect, one of the best of the series. A rational and critical commentary on this book has long been a desideratum, and at last we have it.

The author provides first a chronological table of reigns and events between 605 and 164 B. C., followed by one hundred pages of Introduction, in which are discussed Daniel's person and the book's contents, the history in the book, its date and authorship, its characteristics, and versions and commentaries. Then come text and commentary, the text (Authorized Version, as always in this series!) corrected in the notes; and after this appendix and valuable index. Interspersed in the commentary are a number of useful notes on such topics as Nebuchadnezzar's madness, the four empires, the Seventy Weeks, etc.

Perhaps the most noteworthy section of this work (if we may select any portion from a work of so sustained and standard excellence) is that on "One Like Unto the Son of Man." Dr. Driver's conclusion is that the author meant the idealized Israel and not the Messiah, but that by later writers and speakers (in the Book of Enoch, II Esdras, the New Testament, etc.) it was applied to the Messiah.

No praise is too high for this valuable little volume.

G. W. GILMORE.

*The Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges. The Book of Daniel, with Introduction and Notes, by Rev. S. R. Driver, D. D. Cambridge Univ. Pr.: 1900.

## "Quicksand."*

Hervey White is one of the ablest of the recent writers of realistic fiction—a branch of literature doubly grateful in this day as a contrast to the school of historical—or perhaps hysterical—romance typified by Richard Carvel and his contemporaries. Mr. Howells justly satirises this class, wherein "the swashbuckler is forever swashing on his buckler," and he seriously doubts the wholesomeness of these feasts of blood. It can be said of the realistic writers, on the contrary, that they are allied to all the impulses of modern life, and in the measure of their power and sincerity they are actual contributors to the solution of social questions. If this is claiming too much, at least the clear presentment of such problems arouses thought and promotes eventual discoveries of relations.

The most significant proof of the alliance with sociology of the realistic novel is to be found in the modern treatment of love. The new love note in fiction is social rather than romantic. A novel today commences its thesis at the point where formerly it ended. For instance in the older novel, the action was confined to the love pursuit. In the modern, the problem of married love is more often the entire study. "Middlemarch" might be cited as the pioneer of the type wherein the complexities of married life afford the central interest rather than the dreams of courtship. Following upon this. Hardy's "Jude the Obscure" dealt searchingly with the problem of the conjugal relation; while of even nearer instance are the two books of Robert Herrick and the subtly psychical studies of Edith Wharton. A host of others might be named in all of which love is dealt with as an agent of social construction rather than as a romantic unreality. That in the volume under discussion, the theme is carried still further, and the vari-colored aspects of family love become the subject, denotes the continued widening of the social perception in fiction.

On the other hand, where the post-Howells writers fail most deeply in their work is in a certain tendency

*"Quicksand." By Hervey White. Small, Maynard & Co. Boston, 1900.

toward pessimistic depiction, suggesting either an immaturity on the part of the author or a conviction that a modicum of cynicism is a dramatic adjunct. But as a subtler form of talent is doubtless required for the writing of life as a blend of opposing forces where somehow tragic and comic effect a balance, perhaps the task is too great for anything less than genius.

Mr. White's work, however, cannot be charged with either skepticism or disdain of life, although the theme of his recent novel necessarily exacts a negative treatment, and its effect is depressing in the extreme. At the same time the mind recognizes that here is laid bare one of the most crying injustices against the individual soul. "Quicksand" treats of the problem of family love—and family love under a new aspect, the aspect of unconscious tyranny and jealous exaction with the consequent de-individualizing effects. We are introduced into the home circle of a family of the Middle West. The local coloring is cleverly sketched, the ample outdoor life is wrought with unaffected truth. We follow the vicissitudes of this family's history throughout the book, feel their homely virtues, the strength of their inherited religiousness, their honest devotion to one another. But here is where the trouble begins. For out of this very love comes a repression of individual tastes and personal freedom that ends with the deterioration or atrophy of each member of the group. The daughters may not marry and leave home—they become peevish or flaccid, deprived of the natural development of the woman life. The sons are by turns subdued, or conceal their genuine selves in the inner recesses of consciousness, fearing to share their real convictions with their parents. There is no limit to such a system of domestic espionage when once it is firmly established. The result cannot be other than hypocrisy and double dealing. The end is elimination. The central character, who is in reality a grandson but thinks himself a son of the house, is a lad of delicate poetic genius. His development is one of progressive defeats, ending in self-destruction when he learns of his illegitimate birth. The tragedy of it all lies in the unconscious zeal of the family devotion which became a juggernaut to its victims.

Thus as a study of the blasting effects of mental tyranny, "Quicksand" affords a real philosophic insight into one of the most elusive aspects of the law of spiritual evolution. It will be remembered that the problem of the author's first book, "Differences," was that of social inequality. The love motive was displayed between a workingman and a lady and brought to a triumphant conclusion by the overmastering sympathy which can level the prejudice of class. So that what were "differences" grew into equality by power of the esoteric affinities of human nature. In an opposite sense, "Quicksand" might the more truly be called "Differences"; for while the situation is outwardly that of a homogeneous group, yet because of the lack of that pervasive sub-conscious sympathy which alone furthers and completes individual life, there results every phase of dissatisfaction, disunion and disruption.

LAURA M'ADOO TRIGGS.

## Minor Notices.

IN "DEATH AND THE FUTURE STATE" Mr. S. H. Spencer presents a brief but attractive outline of the Swedenborgian interpretation of human destiny. There are here many statements which express spiritual insight and convey needed comfort to sad hearts. Everything should be welcomed that makes the future life seem more real and more rational. The author indulges in some criticisms of popular theology that are keen and forcible. He has the defect of his church. His familiarity with Heaven is more calculated to raise doubts than confirm hopes. Published by the Swedenborg Publishing Association.

NAZARETH OR TARSUS? is a book somewhat difficult to criticise or classify. It is semi-discourse and semi-narrative in form. It assumes a violent and radical antagonism between Jesus and Paul. That they were profoundly different is the one truth that is here carried to an extreme. While there is more ground for the censure of Paul, in cases, than many might suppose at first thought, nevertheless, the estimate of Paul is certainly not fair, and the interpretation is not adequate. There is really no presentation of Jesus or his Gospel; so that the book does not fulfil the promise of the title. With some good things, here and there, it cannot be commended, being too chaotic and extreme. By the author of "Not on Calvary." Ogilvie, 1901.

THE PASSING OF THE DRAGON, by F. Jay Ceagh, (Cassell) is a finely printed pamphlet of 62 pages. By means of a simple but well told story, the writer seeks to vindicate the goodness of God. The characters are Sir Edward, the doubter; Bennett, the butler, a rascal; and two children, Evie and Dorothy. Considerable dramatic skill and spiritual insight are displayed in telling the story, which ends in the death of the devil in the heart of Bennett, who becomes very penitent, while Sir Edward sheds his unbelief and regains his religious faith. One lays the little booklet down with genuine satisfaction and a keener sense of the splendid spirituality of human life.

J. H. C.

## An Important Book of History.*

The transfer of this important book from Harper & Brothers to the Macmillan Company affords an opportunity for the expression of our general satisfaction in the work so far as it has now proceeded and for our congratulations to the author on the brilliancy of his success. It has been my good fortune to read each of the four volumes as they have appeared from time to time along the course of the last eight years, the first covering four years, 1850-1854, the second six, 1854-1860, the third two, 1860-1862, the fourth two, 1862-1864. No one who has read these volumes will withhold his earnest wish that Mr. Rhodes will have health and strength to carry out his original intention to bring down the work to the election of Cleveland. His goal being reached, the prospect of dealing with a personality so massive and powerful as Cleveland's may inspire him to add another volume to his contemplated set. For many of us this history has the attraction of dealing with a period which we can recall through all its course and we can testify that it has the form and pressure of the time to a remarkable degree. If anything is lacking it is the sympathy of the historian with bygone developments of thought and feeling. Something is wanting when the history of a hot-blooded time is written in cold blood. History is not made by men who can see the other side as well as the historian from his vantage of the backward look. But as a whole the book is most remarkable in its presentations of the events and persons of a great and stirring time. As published by the Macmillan Company the books are bound more handsomely than before and have wider margins where, perhaps, the original ones were sufficiently generous. The general appearance of the page was from the start too fine to be improved.

J. W. C.

* History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850. By James Ford Rhodes. Vols. I, II, III, IV. New York. Macmillan Company

# THE HOME.

## Helps to High Living.

SUN.—There is always a way by which trial may contribute to fullness of character and of service.

MON.—We are not to be insensible to loss, but we are to strive to understand its meaning.

TUES.—The higher our personal development the readier and more generous will be our service and our courtesy.

WED.—Mutual concession results in mutual advantage.

THURS.—Gentleness is more powerful than violence.

FRI.—True self-respect will refuse material advantage at the expense of integrity or straightforwardness.

SAT.—Trial and toil come to us that every high quality of our being may be developed, and we may climb from the level plains of innocence to the height of virtue.
—*Abraham Conklin.*

## The Spring Awakening.

The little gray squirrel is rubbing his eyes.
For his sleep was long and sound,
And the woodchuck peeps at the glowing skies
From his chamber underground;
Old Bruin is shambling from out his den
With a dazed and stupid air,
And song birds are flying back again,
A message of spring to bear.
The butterfly crawls from its chrysalis,
The beetles rouse from their nap,
And blossoms awake at the south wind's kiss
And the rain-drop's gentle tap.
From their icy fetters the streamlets leap;
The woodlands with music ring.
All things are awak'ning from winter sleep,
To welcome the merry spring.
—*The Christian Herald.*

## An Incident of the Spanish War.

When George Kennan was in Cuba as a special correspondent of the *Outlook* he wrote to his paper the story of a negro trooper, who, in the storming of San Juan hill, had had an artery in his neck severed, and was rapidly bleeding to death.

A Rough Rider, seeing his danger and also the impossibility of applying a tourniquet, quietly placed his thumb on the artery, and stayed the flow of blood. The battle was raging furiously and the Rough Rider saw his comrades rushing forward into the thickest of the fight. Every nerve was tingling with the desire to join them, but it would mean swift death to the trooper. The Rough Rider threw down his gun and stayed there, holding down the bleeding artery till the battle was over and a surgeon arrived. The trooper's life was saved, but his voice broke when he tried to tell the story of the Rough Rider's goodness.

"He done that to me, he did; stayed by me an hour and a half and me only a nigger!"

The man who aroused that adoring love may not have been conscious that he was doing a heroic thing, but he was the greatest hero on San Juan hill that day. It was a day of heroes, and every lover of his country will ever hold in tender memory that gallant band of men; but the deepest instinct of our hearts declares that no loftier manifestation of Christian courage and self-sacrifice was ever given than by him who threw down his gun and gave up the dearest ambition of a soldier's heart, that he might save his black brother's life. IDA M. GARDNER.

**The place of the daughter in the home is as large or as small a place as she is able to make it. It is really a creative place, one in which she can be the brightest, happiest, most helpful influence in the home, or simply a partaker of the comforts and protection of the home, with no thought of any return on her part.**

## What A Child Would Like to Know.

Would I were wise enough to know
How the little grass-blades grow;

How the pretty garden pinks
Get their notches and their kinks;

How the morning-glories run
Up to meet the early sun;

How the sweet-peas in their bed
Find the purple, white, and red;

How the blossom treasures up
Drops of honey in its cup;

How the honey-bee can tell
When to seek the blossom cell;

Why the jay's swift wing is blue
As the sky it soars into.

I wonder if the grown folks know
How and why these things are so.
—*Mary F. Butts, in the Independent.*

## Painting Her Portrait.

"If I could be such an old lady as that—so beautiful, serene, sweet and lovable—I shouldn't mind growing old," said a young girl the other day, speaking of a white haired visitor who had just departed.

"Well, if you want to be that kind of an old lady you'd better begin making her right now," laughed a keen-witted companion. "She doesn't strike me as a piece of work that was done in a hurry. It has taken a long time to make her what she is. If you are going to paint that sort of a portrait of yourself to leave the world, you'd better be mixing your colors now."

The merry words were true; and, whether she willed it or not, the girl was already "mixing the colors" for her portrait, and drawing day by day the outlines of the mature womanhood which shall yet brighten or darken the lives around her. Many a careless, selfish girl has in her inmost heart no higher ideal than "to be like mother" when she shall have reached mother's years; but in the meanwhile she is content to be as unlike her as possible. She has an idea that age brings its graces with it, and that a beautiful character comes, like silver hair, naturally and without effort.

Girls, you are outlining your future and choosing its coloring now. The woman you wish to be must begin in the girl.—*Forward.*

There is no power of love so hard to get and keep as a kind voice. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels; and it is hard to get and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth and be on the watch night and day, at work and play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thoughts of a kind heart. It is often in youth that one gets a voice or tone that is sharp. Watch it day by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea.—*Elihu Burritt.*

When, in the great conflict of truth and error, we become at times perplexed and discouraged; when we sadly realize the inefficacy of what we can do, and feel ourselves powerless before the swelling surge of human misery and wrong, then let us take comfort in the thought that agencies of which we can make no account are working with us, and that avenues of influence which we cannot enter and which we do not even note all lie wide open to that resistless Spirit which, like the wind, bloweth where it listeth, so that we cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth.—*J. Lewis Diman.*

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# THE FIELD.

*"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."*

## In Memoriam.

The Board of Directors of the Western Unitarian Conference met in a called session Thursday, April 18, for the purpose of putting upon the records of the Conference some expression of their sorrow at the death of their former associate, Mr. Gould. By unanimous vote the following resolution was passed:

"For the last twelve years Allen Walton Gould has been a familiar figure among us. Promoted to the highest position of trust known to our conference he served its interests faithfully, and was ever found courteous and ready in the performance of his duties. In a position whose duties were at all times arduous and sometimes of that delicate nature which required unfailing tact and self-control his spirit was uniformly sweet and kind. Gentle, kindly, uncomplaining, of a vigorous intellect and large heart, he day by day grew into our lives. His presence has been rudely plucked from amongst us, but he still lives in our hearts and in his works, and this is not to die.

"Hence we feel it our duty and privilege in official board assembled, to spread upon our records our appreciative word of the work and life of our friend and fellow worker and request that a copy of the same be sent to his family."

F. C. S.

## Foreign Notes.

PEACE SOCIETIES.—According to a peace bulletin or appeal issued by certain protestant pastors in Paris and addressed to the pastors throughout France, there are now in France and other countries 90 societies whose aim is to secure the adoption of arbitration as a means of regulating difficulties between nations. The appeal in question has this object and also that of a subscription for the widows of Boers killed in the present war.

DISSENTERS IN THE ENGLISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.—*Le Protestant*, Paris, is our authority for the statement that one hundred years ago there was but a single protestant non-Anglican member of the House of Commons. This gentleman was William Smith, grandfather of the illustrious Florence Nightingale. He kept his seat for forty-six years. Today, though the last elections gave a large conservative majority, composed chiefly of Anglicans, there are 150 members who are Dissenters.

BROUGHT FROM AMERICA.—An interesting instance of unconscious American influence is given in a recent issue of *Le Protestant*. According to that paper a little protestant congregation has been organized in Orsara di Puglia in southern Italy. The people there have always been Catholic, but once upon a time a certain number of them came to the United States in search of work. After a time they returned to the fatherland, but not before they had had an opportunity to become acquainted with American protestantism and to embrace it. Now they have called an evangelist, Mr. Clerico, to settle among them, and have rented a room where protestant services are regularly conducted, notwithstanding more or less abuse and even persecution on the part of their neighbors. No sectarian or denominational name is mentioned in connectio with them, nor is it stated in what part of the United States they lived while among us.

A SWISS VIEW OF AMERICAN ATHLETICS.—An editorial on college athletics in the last issue of the *Outlook* calls to mind the interesting comments on that phase of American life to be found in a book entitled the "New World," by the Rev. Frank Thomas, of Geneva. Though this record of experiences and impressions during a visit to America has been in print some years, the following extracts, freely translated, will probably be new to many Americans:

"The teaching body in America," says Mr. Thomas, "might appropriately take for a motto: The development of every man and of the whole man. . . . This explains why educators in that country give so much attention to physical development, a matter on which they do not have to lay stress, however, because it is natural for the young to take readily to bodily exercises. But it is not merely sport, and the more or less violent exercise connected with various games which absorb so largely the time and attention of these young people, but systematic exercise, the scientific study of physical development rouses their enthusiasm. Every college has its great hall equipped with all kinds of gymnastic apparatus for the normal development, not alone of the body in general, but of every member and part, every muscle and almost every nerve.

"One can scarcely repress a feeling of envy on seeing these strong and handsome American youths when one recalls how many poor anemic, pale, haggard, nervous figures are to be found in any university in Europe. Physical development insures good health, and that brings with it good humor, energy and joy in living. I found no pessimists, no *fin de siecle* young people, weary of everything and affecting to be disciples of Buddha or of Schopenhauer, among the many American students whom I met. . . .

"Another thing which seemed to me to result from the development of athletics in America is that there much more than elsewhere youth is kept from immorality. This superabundance of forces, this overflow of energy which appears when one is about eighteen, must be expended in one way or another; if not wholesomely in physical exercise, it will be in some way less good and less legitimate. A young man who has played baseball or cricket all the afternoon is ready when night comes to go to bed and to sleep. He wakes the next day refreshed and disposed to go to work again. Every one knows, on the contrary, to what terrible temptations our European students are exposed—and too often, alas! succumb—who while cultivating their intellectual faculties, forget to develop the body. After a day of absorbing study, when evening comes they are enervated and seek relaxation at some drinking resort or theater, where by the close of the evening they are in such a condition of mind and body that they would need to be of stone to resist the solicitations of the flesh. Are they not then almost inevitably led to the loss of their youth with its vigor and enthusiasm in places of low debauch, from which they issue morally degraded, if not ruined? To add to all this, pernicious literature, determinist science and popular opinion are all there to remove the last scruples that may exist in the spirit of the young man, by persuading him that freedom of the will is only an illusion, and that he is the sport of blind forces, which carry him away whether he will or no, which he has neither the right nor the power to overcome. Has a machine power to resist the force that runs it? Can an animal struggle victoriously against its instincts?"

M. E. H.

There's many a trouble
Would break like a bubble
And into the waters of Lethe depart
Did we not rehearse it
And tenderly nurse it
And give it a permanent place in the heart.

G. CLARK.

## Career and Character of Abraham Lincoln.

An address by Joseph Choate, Ambassador to Great Britain, on the character of Abraham Lincoln—his early life—his early struggles with the world—his character as developed in the latter years of his life and his administration, which placed his name so high on the world's roll of honor and fame, has been published by the Chicago Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway and may be had by sending six (6) cents in postage to F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

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